The Triumphs of four Nations;
OR,
A happy Conclusion of Peace,
Betwixt *England, France, Denmark,* and *Holland:*

As it was confirm'd on Sunday night *July* the 21. at *Breda*; where, after four hours Conference in the Caſtle, the Plenipotentiaries about nine in the evening ſigned the Articles of Peace; which *Don Monnſieur Fleming*, the Sweediſh Mediatour, in a ſhort Speech Congratulated the happy iſſue of ſo great a work; After which, the Plenipotentiaries ſaluting and complementing each other, the Conference ended: As they came out of the Caſtle, the Canons were thrice diſcharged round the Town, the Muſqueteers giving their vollies from the Works, and the Horſe drawn up upon the Plain, ſaluting them with their Trumpets, the whole Town quitting their Houſes to expreſſe their Joy to them as they paſſed by; This Joyful News was brought on Friday laſt *July* 26. from *Breda*, by the Right Worſhipful Sir *John Coventry*, to the King, bringing with him the Articles of Peace, as they were Signed there by the Plenipotentiaries.

Tune is, Packingtons Pound.

LIft up thy head England & lay by thy mourning,
thy much deſir'd long abſent Peace is returning
Like health after ſickneſſe, and eaſe after pain;
Like joy after ſorrow, or Sun after Rain:
The ſound of it comes,
More welcom then Drums,
And more welcom is unto all the Kingdoms;
By Truth, Love and friendſhip, delights do encreaſe,
The Joyes of a Nation is Plenty and Peace.

Laſt Sunday was ſennight at Breday 'twas paſt
Which I hope will prove all our comforts at laſt
The Plenipotentiaries ſigned to peace,
That our bound up trading might have a releaſe
The townſmen did laugh,
Reſoyce, ſing, and quaffe,
Thrice round about Breda the Canons were
The Muſketeers made many vollies to rattle,
And Trumpets did ſound as in heat of a Battle
By Truth, &c.

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The Second Part, to the same Tune;

Sir John Coventry unto White-hall did bring,
Last Friday this happy brave News to the King
Which fill'd all their hearts with such pleasure &
They cast up their Caps & sung Vive le Roy, (joy,
That we do agree,
With our Enemy, (as we
The Dane, Dutch, and French are as joyful
The Dutch who in victual did not so abound,
Paid more for an ounce than we paid for a pound.
By Truth, Love & Friendship, delights do increase.
The strength of a Nation is Plenty and Peace.

The French-man hath reason this peace to desire
Because he hath many more Irons i'th fire;
The Dane without trading will never grow rich
The best of his Lading is Fir-pole and Pitch;
Then let us with joy,
Our Talent employ, (destroy
And fill Ships with goods that were wont to
When Vessels bare nothing but Powder & Lead,
The Traders, and Laders, and trading is dead,
By Truth, &c.

Why should we not live all as brother with brother
The Scripture commands us to love one another.
Why should not contention and dissention cease,
Since the King of all Kings is the Prince of all
By Union we may, (Peace
Both prosper and pray,
By discord we do one another betray,
The Devil and Discord like Lightning & Thunder
In June and July are seldom asunder;
By Truth, &c.

If Peace doth continue without and within,
I hope London City will be built again,
Which was much retarded for want of a Peace,
For what man can build where no Foundation is;
Without it there's none,
Will build on his own,
Peace is the foundation, & the corner stone.
If we have not Peace both upon Sea and Land,
The Cities foundation will be in the Sand,
By Truth, &c.

All workmen from all parts of England may come
To work and get money without fear of Drum,
The Country man now will to labour be willing,
Not fearing to be burn'd i'th hand with a shilling
The Gun and the Drum,
Will shortly be dumb, (hate Term;
Then Madge may have Roger, & Tib may
Now howling, & scowling amongst ỹ kind-hearted,
Shal be left with young Wenches for Sweet-
By Truth, &c. (hearts departed;

Our Merchants upon the green Ocean so curl'd
Shal safely passe free to all parts of the world,
And in their deep bottoms bring silks and slip slops
To please pretty Ladies and Citie wives chops,
Figs, Almonds and Spice,
With Sugar and Rice,
Which is a young Gentlewomans Paradice
Then silver and gold (so dangerous in power)
Like Traitors, shall both be committed to th'
By Truth, &c. (Tower

Then singing and Musick will be in request,
And Jugge shall be dancing as well as the best,
About the green May-pole, with Gillian and Jack,
For Ale and Stew'd Prunes for Custard & Cake;
True Charity then,
Will be amongst men.
Or else we may look for these troubles again,
Short comforts will be in a Nation no doubt,
Where Peace is concluded, and God is left out.
By Truth, &c.

God bless this peace to us with a right understand- (ing
Keep our hearts and mindes under his great com- (manding;
God bless King & Kingdom and send that our hate
Unto one another in Church and in State,
May be nullified,
God keep us from Pride,
Ambition, Wrath, Malice & Discord besides;
When nation fights nation, & brother beats brother
They are like earthen vessels that break one ano- (ther
By Truth, Love, and Friendship, &c.

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With Allowance.